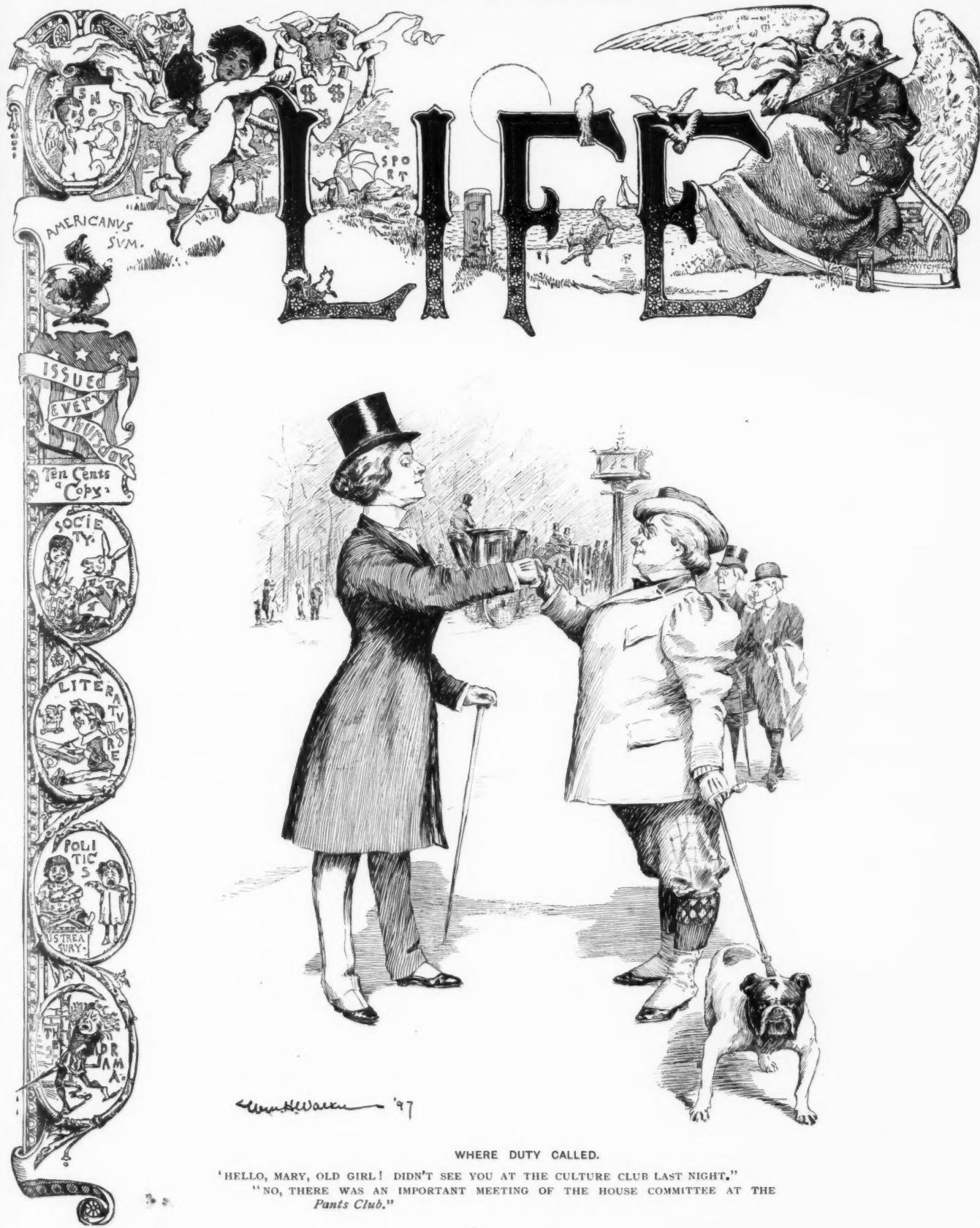


VOLUME XXIX.

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1897.

NUMBER 744

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TAKING NO CHANCES.

"IT'S VERY STRANGE HE COMMITTED SUICIDE BECAUSE I REFUSED HIM."  
"PERHAPS HE WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT CHANGE YOUR MIND."

## A TOAST.

I LLUSTRIOUS Greece! Here's health to you,  
Who dares the Turk to brave,  
While greater Powers to keep the peace  
Would leave poor Crete a slave.

Let loose the dogs of war, and when  
The battle's din shall cease,  
Here's hoping Europe's map will show  
A larger spot of Greece.

*Charles S. Carter.*

## THREE WOMEN'S SOULS.

T HREE women's souls knocked at the door of the Kingdom of Death, wherein reigns happiness. "Let us in!" they cried.

"What would ye here?" asked the warden.

"Happiness!" they cried with one breath.

"Did ye not find it on earth?" he asked.

"Alas, no!" they sighed together.

"And why?" His eyes questioned the first.

"I married for social position," she answered, "and I envied the wealthy all my days. How could I be happy?"

"And you?" he asked the second.

"I married for money. But what is all the wealth of the world without social position? Happiness!" She sighed bitterly.

The warden barred the way. "Ye cannot enter," he said; "happiness is here, but ye could not find it."

He turned to the third. She had shrunk far away from the other two.

"I—I married for love," she said. "I know all the fierce pain and the agony of it. It grew like a flower, watered by my tears. It tore my heart, and bruised my soul, but I cherished it. Now I have lost it."

The warden held the gate open for her. "You may come in," he said.

"Is it there?" she cried.

"No," he said, "but happiness—"

She turned away sobbing, and the gate clanged shut.

*Esther Powel.*



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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AND you, brother, provided you have thus far survived the grip season—which is on at the time of this writing—how do you get on, and with what mind do you meet the advancing spring? Are you bearing up? They say that in Kansas, where some of the people have been mighty restless during the last five years and have wished for different conditions, and tried hard to bring them about by legislation and talk, and have been imperfectly successful, one result of the unusual cerebral activity has been a very marked increase of insanity, coincident with a falling off of population.

We have good hopes for Kansas now, and of all communities which have been agitated as she has been, and only mention her as an example of the wear and tear of thought and anxiety on human tissues.

\* \* \*

LIFE trusts, brother, that you do not feel yourself growing light-headed in the effort to solve mooted questions of statecraft and public policy and morals. Have you come to any conclusion about trusts? Do you believe that the tendency of prevailing conditions is to enrich the few and impoverish the many, and if so, do you know of any safe method of interference? Have you come to any conclusion as to the expenditure of money for luxuries, and whether it does good or evil? If you think it does good, do you see any prospect of having money to spend in the diffusion of benefits by that method, and if not, have you matured any plan for spending the surpluses of people who have surpluses, so that the lives of people who have no surpluses shall be pleasanter and more profitable? Have you any scheme for getting funds into those parts of the country which

are so bare of the medium of exchange that the folks who live in them have gone back to barter? Are you reconciled to the prospect of a new high-protection tariff? Are you sure that you know just what should be done about Cuba, and whether it is our duty to endure the distresses of that island, or to seize the first chance to interfere?

\* \* \*



THE solution of all these perplexities and a lot more at this writing invites the energies of every conscientious, newspaper-reading, American voter. Even if he should reach convictions as to all of them it would not be

enough, nor could he enjoy absolute ease of mind unless he could assure himself that Uncle Sam had reached the same conclusions that he had, and was able and willing and ready to take action accordingly.

Meanwhile, to have one's mind divided between the settlement of the policies of a nation and various commonwealths, the solution of intricate social problems and the care of one's personal concerns, is liable to be detrimental to the personal concerns. Come, brethren, comrades in the great army whose daily bread results from daily labor, let us try to be easy in our minds, and confine our attention, in so far as may be expedient, to solving, each for himself, our personal problem.

\* \* \*



WE have a new President, a new Cabinet, a Congress partially repaired according to the latest phase of the popular taste, and thousands of enthusiastic and vociferous newspapers, each of them ready to set the government right whenever it veers from its proper course, and to suggest action whenever it hesitates. Let us for the present leave these gentlemen to their jobs, and give them a fair chance to earn their salaries. If we wait until they bring in the millennium before we settle down, there is danger that the delay may not only strain our patience,

but embarrass our material resources. Pitch in, brethren! To reconcile conflicting theories and serve rival ends by the same measure of statecraft may not be within our power, especially if we have not been endowed with the garb of authority, but to make both ends meet is a very pretty exercise in itself, and worth attention; and, after all, whether they meet around a great space or small does not signify, if only they meet.



WHERE OBLIVION IS BLISS.

*Angelina (after receiving a score of kisses): ARE YOU SURE YOU LOVE ME, EDWIN?*  
 "OH, ANGELINA!"  
 "THEN YOU MAY KISS ME."

SPRING COMETH.

ONCE more has Winter fled  
 Far away;  
 The sweet bird voices ring;  
 The blossoms rise from earth  
 to-day  
 To welcome fair Miss Spring.  
 She comes bedecked in sunshine  
 bright,  
 A crocus in her hair,  
 And where she steps, her foot-  
 prints light  
 Are marked by blossoms fair.  
 She comes in radiant beauty  
 dressed,  
 And Summer underclothes,  
 A mustard plaster on her chest,  
 A sniffle in her nose!

*Ellis Parker Butler.*

NO!

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that we should endorse the following if we wish to be consistent:

We, the persons responsible for the articles, and pictures, in LIFE directed against the practice of vivisection and its advocates, are fully aware that the sports of hunting and fishing entail upon the brute creation many thousandfold more suffering than does vivisection, and that the thousands who cause this suffering while hunting and fishing have not even the excuse that they wish through their sport to help scientific research. We never hunt or fish ourselves, and we discourage these habits in our friends on all possible occasions.

Oh, no! We endorse no such statements. Why endorse one of the most comprehensive, able-bodied lies that ever floated through space?

While possessing no admiration for the courage displayed in filling unsuspecting birds with gunshot, we refuse to class even that grade of hero with the man who tortures dogs and horses for the entertainment of medical students.

And as for "Scientific Research," we are still waiting for evidence to show that the inquisitor of the laboratory is of greater value than the more gentlemanly slaughterer of the forest and stream.



## THE IRONY OF WISDOM.

**C**LIP: What is the great difference between a wise man and a fool?

**F**LIP: Simply this: that, whereas both of them can laugh when prosperity smiles on them, it is only the fool that can go on grinning in the midst of adversity.



## REAL SEA STORIES, WITHOUT FRILLS.

A BOOK to delight the heart of Rudyard Kipling is "On Many Seas" (Macmillan), by Frederick Benton Williams, who in real life is Mr. Herbert Hamblen, who runs a stationary engine over on the East side. For many years he was a sailor, and these are the reminiscences of those halcyon days. It is dull work watching a steam-gauge in a cellar through a long night, and Mr. Hamblen used the leisure of those hours to set down his recollections. His friend Mr. Booth had the wisdom to let them stand as he wrote them, cutting out here and there what was prolix.

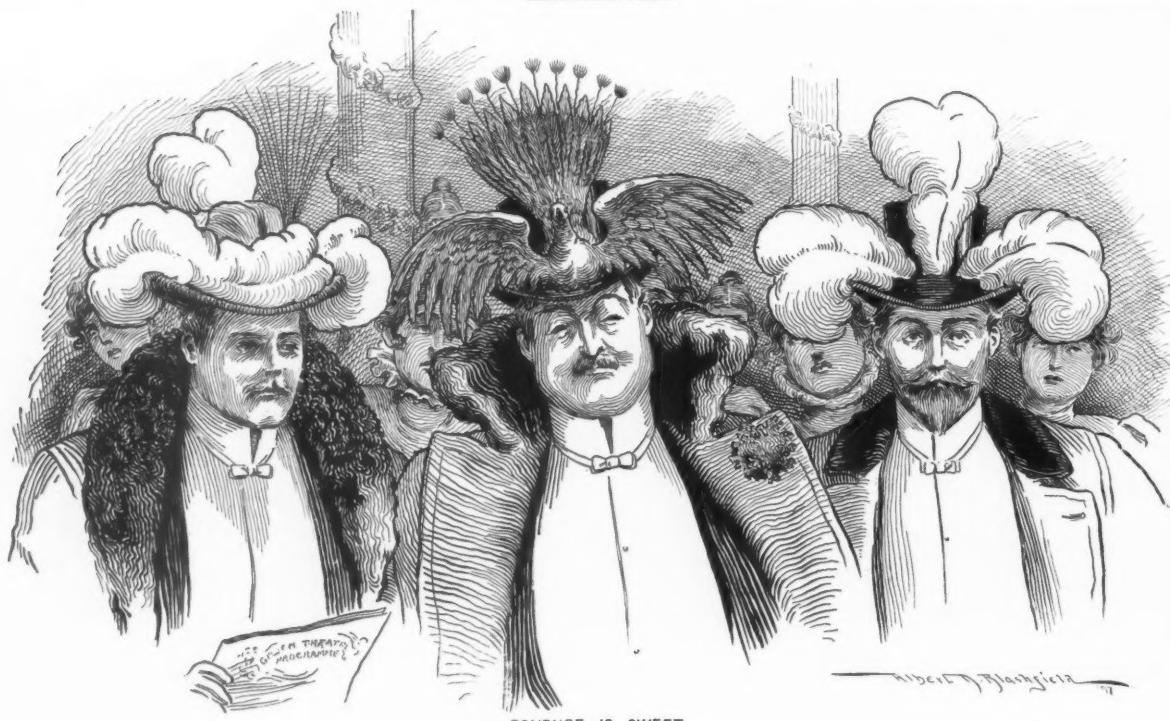
The result is one of those surprising books that make one doubt the utility of a liberal education in the production of narrative literature. There are stories here that are told so graphically and with such original force in the choice of epithets that even Mr. Kipling would hesitate to change a word. He is never consciously "literary," and he has no background of literary tradition to hamper his use of words. But there is scarcely a page without its picturesque and

unusual phrase that creates the image with a stroke. It is a rare gift in the use of language that makes the reader actually *see* an adventure.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN a man of a certain amount of experience in the ordinary comforts of life, including some of its luxuries, writes about the life of men who habitually endure hardships, he puts into it the intensified sensations that he himself would endure if subjected to the life. However accurate he may be, his picture is not the true one—for his nerves have not been attuned to that particular melody. That is the trouble with most sea stories.

But Mr. Hamblen has no other background for comparison than his own life at sea. Here is the life of a sailor before the mast, as a man saw it who was no more sensitive than a sailor ought to be. He took it as it came, and made the best of it. If he was hit over the head with a belaying pin he did not groan at a hard fate, but like any other sailor, he watched his chance to "get even." He went on his regular sprees as all good sailors do, and his conscience behaved in a proper sailor fashion about it then and now. He is perfectly frank about everything, and makes no smug and proper face over past escapades. One of his most comfortable experiences, he



REVENGE IS SWEET.

SOME OF THE TROUBLES IN STORE FOR THE NEW WOMAN.

TOO MUCH ELLSWORTH.

THE disgust of the more discerning part of the community with the outrageousness of the new journalism appears in daily reports of the exclusion of the *World* and the *Journal* from clubs and reading-rooms, and in the surprising support given to the Ellsworth bill. This bill prohibits too much. If passed in its present form, it is doubtful whether it could stand and be enforced. As it stands, it might embarrass some high-minded and respectable periodicals, which have always respected the privacy of private persons, and with which no reasonable person has fault to find. Yet so urgent and general is the desire that a nuisance should be abated, that there is hesitation in attacking even the bad features of this bill, for fear of depriving it of its force or defeating it altogether. The bill should be amended so that, while it protects private individuals, and women especially, from having their portraits published contrary to their wish, it shall not prohibit political caricature or other portraiture which is useful and legitimate. Then it should be passed.



"I CAN ONLY BE A SISTER TO YOU, BERTIE."

tells us, was six weeks in jail in Calcutta, for mutiny.

Neither does he try to put a romance into the sea that does not exist. The life as he pictures it was coarse, brutal, full of needless tyrannies, and only to be endured because it had to be.

But if there was any fun to be got out of it, Mr. Hamblen was in it, first, last and all the time. His sense of humor was no doubt his salvation. No writer of fiction could invent funnier incidents than some he relates. One scene could be put on the stage in a comic opera

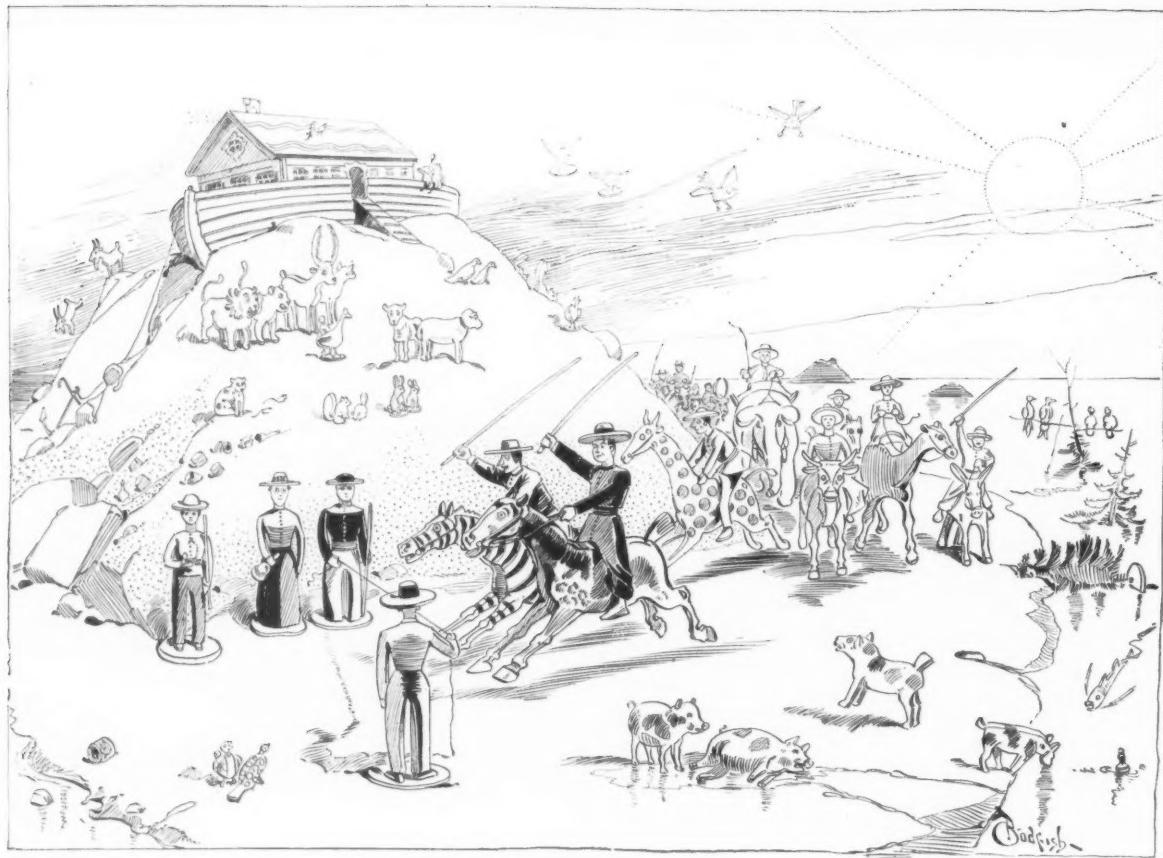
with great effect. A group of drunken sailors are, for punishment, stood upon deck, inside of sheet-iron pipes, ten feet high. Their comrades toss brooms into them, and one after the other they rise like Jacks-in-the-box and berate the captain. Then there is the incident of two hundred sailors hitching a rope to the calaboose in Valparaiso and tilting it on end to release their "lady friends."

But one must not spoil them by telling. They must be read — and the reading will be a delight.

*Droch.*



A POLISH JEW.

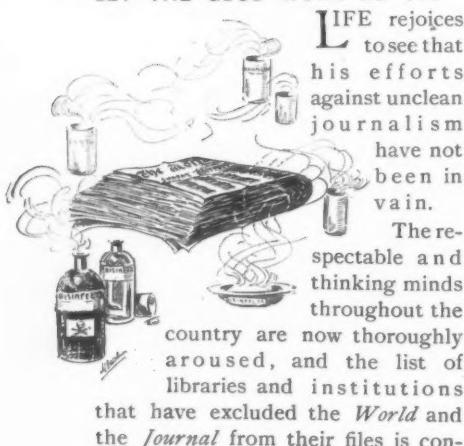


DILUVIAN SPORT.—A CLOSE FINISH.

## A MISNOMER.

THE little phrase, "Bills Payable,"  
The truth does not convey,  
For such bills are the very ones  
I'm able ne'er to pay.

## LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON.



LIFE rejoices  
to see that  
his efforts  
against unclean  
journalism  
have not  
been in  
vain.  
The re-  
spectable and  
thinking minds  
throughout the  
country are now thoroughly  
aroused, and the list of  
libraries and institutions  
that have excluded the *World* and  
the *Journal* from their files is con-

stantly growing. The list up to the time of going to press is as follows:

- Princeton Theological Seminary.
- The Newark Library.
- The Public Library of South Norwalk.
- The Public Library of Plainfield, N. J.
- The Century Club of New York.
- The Public Library of Hartford.
- The New York City Mission and Tract Society. (Three reading rooms of the Society.)
- The Public Library of Bridgeport.
- The Harlem Branch of the Y. M. C. A.
- The 23d Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A.
- The Yale College Branch of the Y. M. C. A.
- The Watertown Branch of the Y. M. C. A.
- General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen.
- The New York Yacht Club.
- The Montauk Club of Brooklyn (the *World* only).

The Harvard Club of New York.  
Dwight Hall, Yale College.  
The New York Club.  
The Calumet Club.  
The Cooper Union.  
The Racquet and Tennis Club.  
The Alpha Delta Phi Club.  
Union Club (has barred the *Journal*).

Union League Club (one copy each for private inspection—no longer in reading rooms).

The Merchants' Club of New York.  
The City Library of Springfield, Mass.

## NOT LIKELY.

"NOW," said the office, "I will seek the man."  
"But," said Diogenes, "will you find him?"

THE habit of always beginning his work by taking a rest has prevented many a man from retiring on his income.

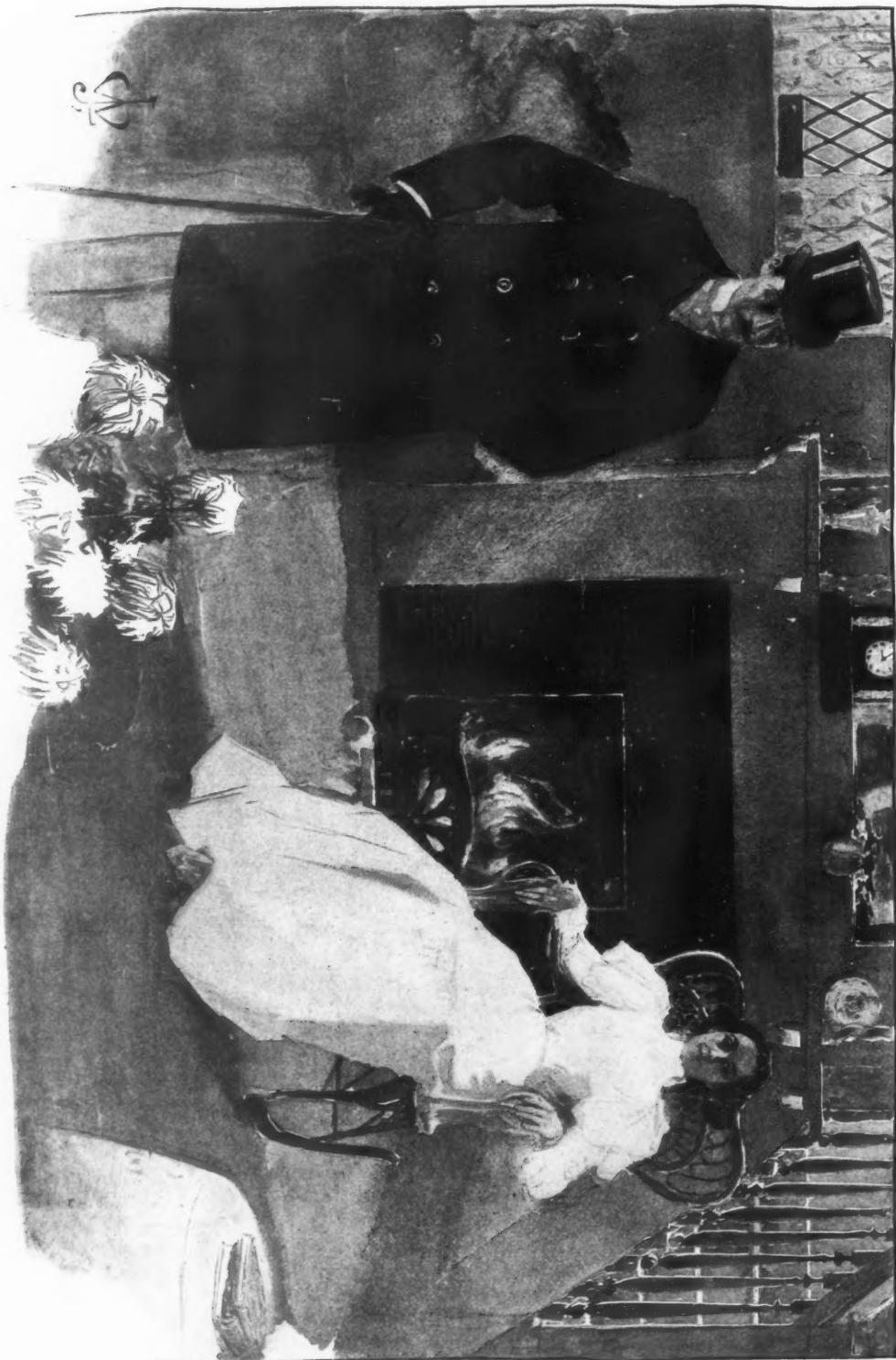


*The Visitor:* AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE OF HIM?

*Mamma:* I WANT HIM TO BE A PHILANTHROPIST.

"WHY, THERE IS NO MONEY IN THAT!"

"BUT ALL THE PHILANTHROPISTS HAVE BEEN VERY RICH."



*She:* "WHAT REASON SHALL WE GIVE OUT FOR THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT?  
"TELL THE TRUTH; THAT YOU LIVED IN BROOKLYN AND EXPECTED ME TO VISIT YOU."



**F**OR sale: A very fine line of hearts  
At prices far below cost,  
A circumstance which affords you a chance  
To replace the one you have lost.

Hearts that are tender; hearts that are brave;  
One that's been worn on a sleeve  
Is marked down so low it surely must go,  
Though it is somewhat soiled, you perceive.

Broken hearts, too, that have been "restored;"  
One that has only a crack;  
And hearts that are set on a coronet,  
For lovers of bric-à-brac.

Sad hearts, glad hearts, hearts of gold,  
Hearts that gold only can buy;  
And a heart so true it will just suit you  
If you'll only take it to try.

*Maud Hosford.*

LIFE



KEEPING LENT IN PARIS

LIFE.



LENT IN PARIS

## • LIFE •



## A CABLE-CAR CONVERSAZIONE.

TIME:—Nine A. M. SCENE:—A Columbus Avenue car, bound south. Mr. GLASS-MEYER, seated. At Seventy-fourth Street, enter Mr. WANSEN PULVER.



MR. GLASS-MEYER: Goot morning, Isaac. You vas lade dis morning.

MR. WANSEN PULVER (taking the seat next to Mr. Glassmeyer, which a gentleman has just vacated in favor a lady who is hanging to strap): Yes, Jacob, but I took Rebecca to a theatre letz night and I overslept me myself.

MR. G.: I hope it was a Kosher theatre, Isaac.

MR. W.: Zertainly. Almost all the theatres is Kosher now.

MR. G.: Where it was?

MR. W.: Der Garrick. I tell you dot Charlie Frohman vas a smart fellow. If a Christian wants to buy him a seat der cashier in der box office tells him dere ain't none, but on der sidewalk outside dere is von of Charlie's men who has plenty of seats vor two dollars and a helluf abiece, und Charlie makes him helluf a dollar more on each seat he sells to a Christian.

MR. G.: Dot's smart.

MR. W.: You bet it's smart. And inside all der ushers is nice little Kosher boys, und der brogramme is Kosher; even der little girls on der stage who don't have nuthing to say is Kosher; everyting is Kosher eggzept der actors.

MR. G.: Und der actors why not?

MR. W.: Because Charlie und his friends haf so many theatres dot der actors can't get work unless dey works for him und for whatefer wages he wants to pay dem. Dere ain't no Kosher actors what amounts to anything, so Charlie has to hire Christians; oddervise der actors would be Kosher too.

MR. G.: Vas der pusiness good?

MR. W.: Splendit. Dere's a Christian fool born efery minute, und dey gif up deir money to Charlie like it vas vater. All he does is to put some show-pils on der fences and some small adverteizements in der bapers and den der Kosher baper and der Kosher fellows what writes vor die udder bapers says Charlie Frohman has got a good show and der Christians come and gif up deir good dollars to Charlie und let der Christian butchers und bakers und doctors fistle vor deir money.

MR. G.: Vot vas der blay?

MR. W.: It vas galled "Nefer Again."

MR. G.: Vas it goot?

MR. W.: Der actors vas goot, but der blay—vell, it was goot enough vor Christians. Somedimes it vas funny und more dimes it wasn't. If a fellow hat nefer been to der theatre before, he would think it vas awful funny, but it was yoost like a tousant udder blays where der people gets all mixed togedder und hide in glosets und come ouf at der wrong time und den get mixed up again. Der first act I laugh some, der segond act I don't laugh any, und der third act I get tired und would go home, only Rebecca vas sittin' behind a Christian with diamond earrings und she liked to look at dem.

MR. G.: Next veek my wife und I go to a blay called "De Geisha."

MR. W.: Aber, Jacob, dot is not Kosher. Dot fellow Daly is a Christian.

MR. G.: I know, but a Christian vot is tryin' to sell me some bonds gafe me der dickets.

MR. W.: So—dot is all ride. Pretty soon Charlie Frohman he vill haf dot fellow Daly's theatre too, und den the Christians can't go anyvere eggzept to Kosher theatres, und all der Christian actors vill be actin' vor a dollar a week, und Charlie Frohman und his friends vill be der only men in der pusiness. Vell, so long, Jacob. I get off here.

MR. G.: So long, Isaac. Goot luck!

\* \* \*

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S production of "Meg Merrilies" turns that fine, dreary, old Scotch play into what is almost a farce comedy. Mr. Chambers, the adapter, has caused the gloomy plot to disappear utterly—which is according to the canons of farce comedy—and the vaudeville numbers introduced by Mr. Daly keep the audience's

spirits up in a manner which would shock the shade of the late Charlotte Cushman. It is still a hoot-mon play, though, as is shown by the presence of a regiment of bagpipers and a liberal sprinkling of dialect, including Highland Scotch, Lowland Scotch, and hot Scotch—the last served in mugs by Mrs. Gilbert.

Miss Rehan's *Meg Merrilies* is far from convincing. It is too much Miss Rehan and too little the hideous and mystic hag. If Mr. Daly would let the farce comedy idea extend to this character as well as to the others, and permit Miss Rehan to be as funny in the part as we all know she could be, he would have a burlesque which might rival the popularity of "The Geisha." Miss Nancy McIntosh's good singing and attractive personality, the dancing of Mr. Gresham and of Mrs. Gilbert, the antics of the Dandie Dimmont terrier, carried by the character of that name, and the handsome ensemble in the glen scene were the most pleasing features of a production which does more credit to Mr. Daly's generosity than to his knowledge of the dreariness appropriate to a hoot-mon play.

Metcalf.

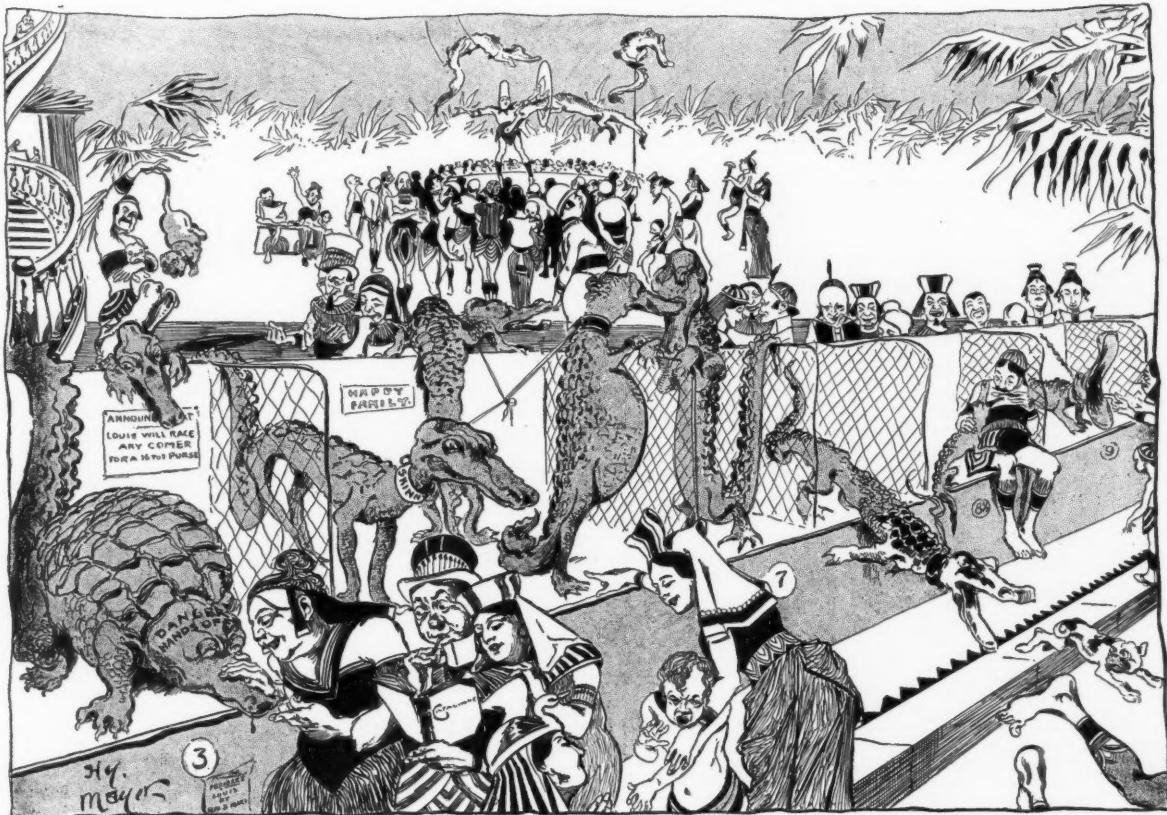
PROFESSOR GONER: Indeed, Miss Sweetly, the lower animals have language. I have heard monkeys entertain each other by narrating pleasant stories.

JACK HUNTER: Yes, and only the other day I saw a snake get off a rattling good thing in the shape of a tail.



EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL.

"YOUNG ALGERNON FITZNODLE WAS NO MOWER."



A BENCH SHOW ON THE NILE.

A FEMININE UTOPIA.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"To Colorado, kind sir," she said;  
"Where the women vote at all the elections,  
Forming themselves into clubs and sections,  
To study cures for political ills,  
While the legislatresses pass their bills!"  
"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."  
"That's out of date, anyway, sir," she said.  
"We haven't time for home or its beauties,  
And don't desire such domestic duties;  
We want the earth, and a fence around it—  
And in Colorado, at last, we've found it!"

*Priscilla Leonard.*

THE man who is really doing a great work is seldom conscious of the size of the job.

"STEP LIVELY."

IT is with consternation we note the apathetic attitude in some matters of those to whom we entrust the budding powers of our children for development. As, for example, we find the "step lively" absolutely untaught.

Why is this accomplishment, one called forth by our advancing civilization, not found in the schools' curriculum? We respectfully submit this to the Board of Education. Nay, more. In view of its demand upon the entire community, and of the incessant shriek daily from rear platforms, might the subject not be deemed worthy a chair in the new Columbia-on-the-Heights? Above the "outward and visible sign" thereof might be suspended the significant motto, "To the swift belongs the race." The utter absurdity of the

"*Après vous*" sentiment with its ridiculous salaams and long "waits" should be demonstrated. Nor need we slavishly emulate the *grace* so insinuatingly put forth by Hellenic art. This is superfluous. The wild glance, the head-long plunge, the final sprawl, the kangaroo leap to a given strap, the lofty oblivion to others' rights, are means to an end, endorsed by the municipality, sanctioned by society, indulged in by the majority.

Finally, since the stepping-lively of one frequently entails the stepping-heavenward of the man in front, thus enabling the presiding genius of the rear platform to vie with the gripman in hastening that electric process known as the "survival of the fittest," what more seductive recommendation for its attainment to the public than this—the opening of the very Gates of Paradise!

# LIFE.



PROFESSOR (coming home late): Drat it! there was something I wanted to do—what on earth was it? (After thinking about it half an hour) Aha! now I know—I wanted to go to bed!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

ARTIST: This is one of those peculiar pictures that one has to be far off to appreciate.

SHE: And 'way off to paint, I imagine.

—*Harper's Bazaar*.

IN some cases counsel receive answers to questions that they had no business to put, which, if not quite to their liking, are what they justly deserve. The following story of George Clarke, the celebrated negro minstrel, is a case in point. On one occasion, when being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by a lawyer who wished to break down his evidence.

"You are in the negro-minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Is not that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer.

"I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel; "but it is so much better than my father's, that I am rather proud of it."

The lawyer inquired: "What was your father's calling?"

"He was a lawyer," replied Clarke.—*Exchange*.

"THIS horrid paper says I married Jack for his money!"

"Well, don't contradict it, unless you want him to be taken for a fool."—*Fun*.

WILLY: I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on a Sunday.

MOTHER: H'm—and what did you say to that?

"I said: 'Get thee behind me.'" —*Twinkles*.

"A CAPITAL invention, these horseless carriages!"

"Don't talk rubbish. We have had for a long time things quite as remarkable in their way as horseless carriages, and nobody takes the slightest notice of them."

"Indeed! What, for instance?"

"Cowless milk."

—*Exchange*.

WEARY WATKINS: What you lookin' so sore about?

DISMAL DAWSON: I met a guy to-day 'at tolle me I was really workin' harder bummin' around de country than if I was actually holdin' a job. It may be true, too, for all I know.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A CAPTAIN in a regiment stationed in Natal, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally

expect, bears "the image and superscription" of President Kruger.

The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half-crown."

The officer took the coin, and, without looking at it, rung it on the table, and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?"

"You luke at it, sir," was the reply.

The captain glanced at the coin, saying: "It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen."

This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's a' right, sir, it's a' right; but it's the first time I've seed the Queen wi' whiskers on."—*London Answers*.

"IT'S a shame," cried the young wife; "not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going right home to papa!"

"If you don't mind, dear," said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."

—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"DON'T weep so, ma'am. Other boys have gone to sea and returned alive and well—why shouldn't yours?"

"But J-Jim is go-going on a bub-bub-battle-ship, sir."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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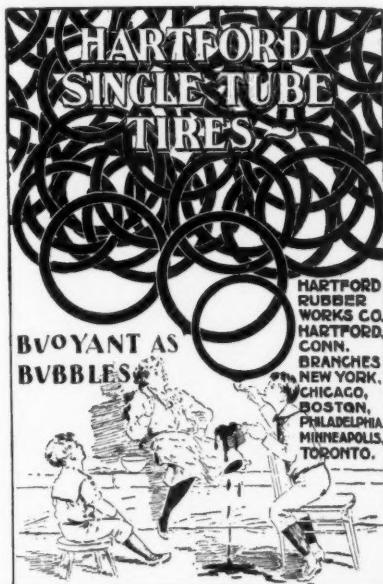
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WINNIFRED MCFINGLE fiercely forced her mother-of-pearl paper knife along the spinal column of a cavernous commercial envelope. Then inserting her faultless fairy fingers, she fished forth from its fastness a freshly filled-in form. She gazed at it long and earnestly. In a moment the look of fond expectancy faded from her face, and its place was occupied by a fearful, despairing blankness. The missive slowly fell from her nerveless hand "as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight." She came near sinking in a collapse of consciousness on a convenient canary-colored couch. "Ah," she sobbed, "where is Roderigo De Hootoo now? Where are his court and his retinue, and his blue velvet clothes, and his golden spurs and his waving ostrich plume, and his Damascus blade? And where are Cordo De Gastos and his beautiful sister, Zephyrita the fair; where, where are they now?" Her groans of anguish quickly brought her mother, who was peeling onions in the next room, to her side. "Speak, Winnifred," she cried. "Do not keep me in suspense."

"Where is he now?" shrieked the lovely Winnifred, made no less lovely by her Florentine, fourteenth-century anguish.

"Do you mean Mr. Simpkins?" asked her mother.

"That wretched cigarette-smoking dude!" screamed Winnifred, spasmodically. "Mother, how can you! Where is Roderigo? Where is Cordo de Gastos? Where is Zephyrita the fair? Where is my poem?"

"Winnifred, do not take on so," began Mrs. McFingle, stroking some of the gnarls out of her daughter's peroxide of hydrogen hair. It is probably on the way back, like the others."

"No, no," wailed Winnifred, her throat choking with emotion as she pointed to the letter on the floor, "I shall never see it again!"

"Surely, surely, they will return it," soothingly insisted Mrs. McFingle, not caring to reach for the letter, for fear her daughter might get the drop on her and go into hysterics while her back was turned.

"No, no," continued Winnifred, "it is gone—gone forever! No one will ever hear of my beautiful poem again. It has been accepted, and is to be paid for on publication."—*Texas Siftings*.

THE spirit of democracy is dominant in Aberdeen. A little while before the city election a candidate for an office thought he would call on a few of the leading city councillors. He hailed a cab and told the cabman to drive him to Councillor Bissett's, the treasurer.

The councillor was found in a blacksmith's shop, shoeing a horse.

"I'll see somebody better than this," said the candidate. "Drive me to Councillor Maitland's office."

The cabman thereupon drove him to the pawnbroker's.

"Drive me to Councillor Gray's," he ejaculated.

"I am Councillor Gray, sir," replied the cabman.—*Tit-Bits*.

THERE was once an Irishman who sought employment as a diver, bringing with him his native enthusiasm and a certain amount of experience. Although he had never been beneath the water, he had crossed an ocean of one variety and swallowed nearly an ocean of another. But he had the Hibernian smile, which is convincing, and the firm chanced to need a new man. And so on the following Monday morning Pat hid his smile for the first time in a diving helmet.

Now, the job upon which the crew to which Pat had attached himself was working in comparatively shallow water, and Pat was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below in the manner with which he was already familiar.

Down he went with his pick, and for about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong, determined, deliberate pull on the signal rope, indicating that Pat had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants pulled him hastily to the raft and removed his helmet.

"Take off the rist av it," said Pat.

"Take off the rest of it?"

"Yis," said Pat. "Oi'll worrik no longer on a domn job phere Oi can't spit on me hands."—*Boston Budget*.



9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

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I met him sturdily trudging along, his color good, his clear eyes having that tranquil steadiness which speaks of strength and great reserve power. "I thought you were flat on your back," I said. "I was," he answered, but as soon as the crisis came, I began to take

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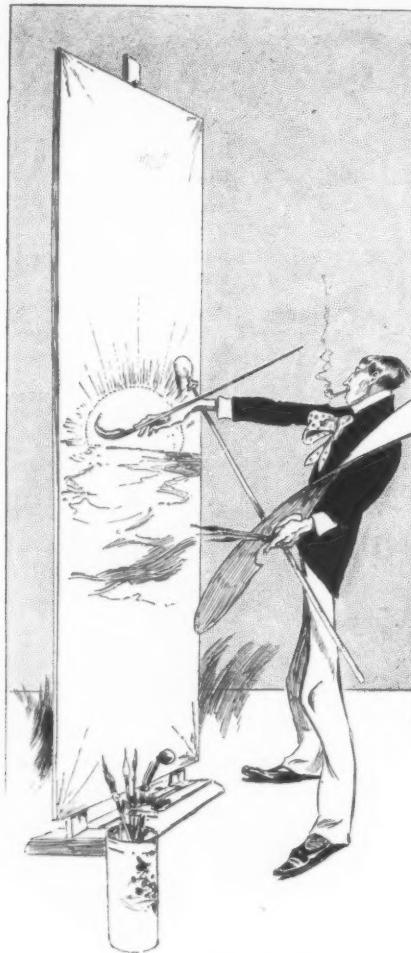


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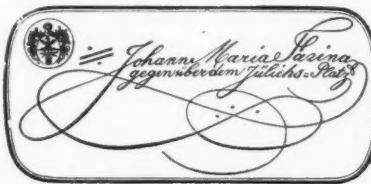
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—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

PLAYWRIGHT (in excitement): They are calling for the author. What shall I do?

STAGE MANAGER (who has seen the crowd): You'd better slip out of the stage door and make your escape while there is time.—*Philadelphia North American.*

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## HER OASIS.

As round her graceful girdle he  
One arm with pressure placed,  
She, sighing, said: "Life, after all,  
Is not a desert waist."

—*Richmond Dispatch.*

"AND how did he die?" asked the lady who had come West to inquire after the husband she had lost.

"Er—by request, ma'am," said the gentle cowboy, as mildly and regretfully as possible.

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

SEVERAL Ohio lawyers once gathered in Judge Wilson's room after adjournment of court, and were discussing the retirement of a member of the bar. Among them was one whose practice was worth twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He said: "I have been practicing several years, and am well fixed. I have thought I would like to retire and devote my remaining years to studies I have neglected." "Study law," put in Judge Wilson. —*Argonaut.*

ON the suburban trains running out of Chicago, card playing is an acknowledged feature of transitory life. Some of the coaches are equipped with tables for devotees of the game.

Coming in recently a suburbanite named George Affolter was called from his newspaper to make the fourth in a game of whist, which had been interrupted by the departure of one of the players. The hands had been dealt around, and Affolter noting there were thirteen cards, said: "What is it? Hearts?"

It happened that hearts were trumps, and an affirmative answer was given. On the first play, Affolter gleefully threw away a king, followed it next with another high card, and was overjoyed to see that the man at his elbow was obliged to take the third trick, and the fourth and the fifth, and so on indefinitely.

On the second hand Affolter's partner led a king, and Affolter thought they would have to take it, but to his delight the opposition gathered in the trick, and proceeded to harvest all the other twelve as well. Affolter was almost hysterical with joy. His partner looked strange. Things went on in the same way for two more deals, and the Affolter faction, owing to the new man's headwork, hadn't taken a trick, when at length the suffering partner said:

"Say, you'll excuse me, but you play the most idiotic, outrageous, infernal game of whist that ever occurred in my experience."

Affolter was dumbfounded. "Whist!" he cried, blankly. "Why, heavens, man, I've been playing the game of hearts as hard as I knew how."

And nobody dared speak until the depot was reached.—*Chicago Record.*

IN County Sligo, among the hills, there is a small lake renowned in that region for its fabulous depth. The professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer, and started out one day for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed, Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr."

"But how do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor.

"Well, sorr, I'll tell ye; me own cousin was showin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said, 'Begorra, I'll prove the truth of me words,' and off with his clothes and in he jumped."

The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression.

"Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again, at all, at all."

"But," said the professor, "I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself."

"Sure, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was; the next day comes a cable from him in Australia, askin' to send on his clothes."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

"WE drifted apart."

"Did Miss Heavyweight come between you?"

"What! that great, fat thing? Oh, no; we didn't drift so far apart as that."—*Detroit Journal.*

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If Du Maurier had not chosen "The Martians" as his last title, that would have been the name of the new story of Mr. H. G. Wells, to be begun in the April COSMOPOLITAN. "The War of the Worlds" is one of the most brilliant pieces of imagination ever put in words. Swift and Poe, Jules Verne and Flammarion have all been left behind by the boldness of this new conception of Mr. Wells. Mars, growing cold through the ages, the fight for life on that planet has developed the intelligence of its people to acuteness many centuries in advance of the inhabitants of our globe. They determine to migrate and seize upon our warmer soil. England is the point at which they arrive, and the interest is intense from the first to the closing chapter.

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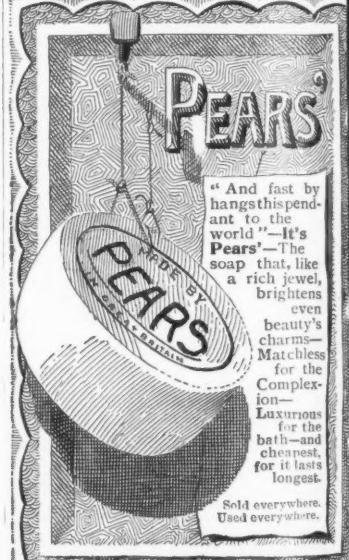
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